

# PLASTIC MAN

CAN PLASTIC MAN AND WOZZY SURVIVE  
THE DEATH TRAP IN THE SEA?

Read-

**THE URANIUM  
UNDERGROUND**





## The image features a dense background collage of vintage comic book covers. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The covers depict various genres including superhero action, mystery, science fiction, and humor. Overlaid centrally is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect.



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# PLASTIC MAN

HEY,  
PLAS!

DON'T BOTHER  
ME NOW, WOZZY!  
I THINK I'VE  
HIT SOMETHING  
BIG!

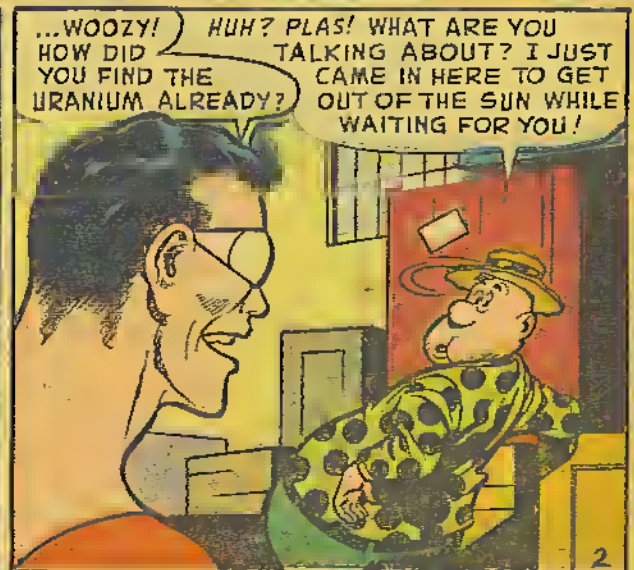
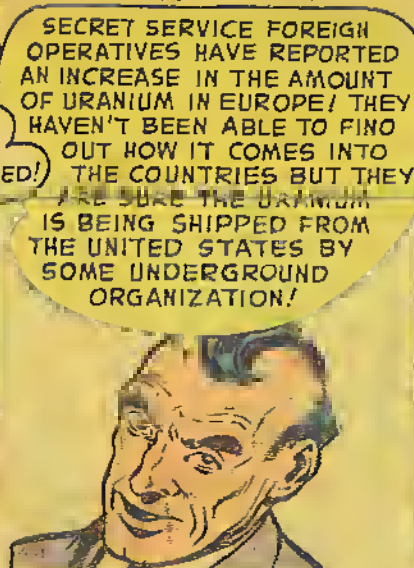
HEH! HEH!  
PLASTIC MAN,  
SOMETHING BIG  
IS GOING  
TO HIT  
YOU!

URANIUM, THAT MOST PRECIOUS OF METALS  
SO URGENTLY NEEDED IN OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE,  
HAS BEEN DISAPPEARING FROM OUR SHORES!  
WITH ALL THE BOUNCE AND ENERGY OF A RUBBER  
BALL, PLASTIC MAN, ACE FBI AGENT, THROWS  
HIMSELF INTO THE CASE AND, WHEN HE  
FINDS HE'S GOTTEN IN OVER HIS HEAD, IT  
TAKES ALL HIS ABILITY TO TWIST AND  
STRETCH TO PULL HIM OUT ON TOP OF

**The URANIUM UNDERGROUND!**



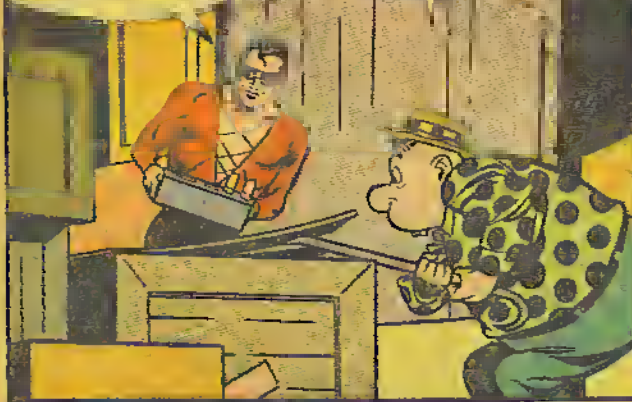
# PLASTIC MAN





THE NEEDLE ON THIS  
GEIGER COUNTER IS  
JUMPING! THAT MEANS  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
IN THOSE BOXES WE  
OUGHT TO SEE!

PRETTY CLEVER,  
CRATING UP THE  
URANIUM AND  
EXPORTING  
IT!



HUH! I GUESS WE  
WERE WRONG! THERE'S  
NOTHING IN THIS  
PACKAGE BUT SOME  
FANCY POTTERY!

GEE! IT'S PRETTY  
PLAS! DO YOU  
THINK MAYBE  
ANYONE WOULD  
KNOW IF I SORT  
OF TOOK ONE  
AND...



WOODY! THIS  
DOESN'T BELONG  
TO US AND IT'S  
GOING TO STAY  
RIGHT HERE!

I JUST  
WANTED  
A  
SOUVENIR!

COME ON, NOW! WE'RE  
WASTING TIME! THE  
INDICATOR SHOWS  
THERE'S RADIO-  
ACTIVITY AROUND  
HERE AND WE'VE  
GOT TO FIND... WAIT!

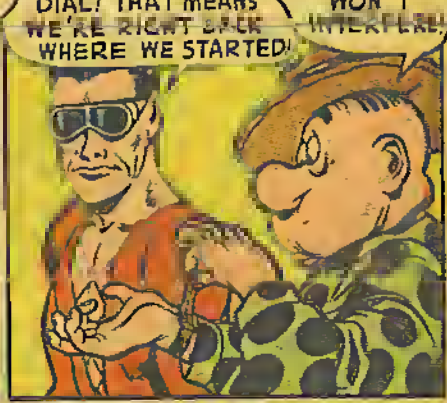
I  
KNOW...  
BUT THE  
WATCH  
DOESN'T  
WORK!

THAT EXPLAINS  
IT! THE GEIGER  
COUNTER WAS  
ACTING UP  
BECAUSE OF  
THE RADIUM  
DIAL! THAT MEANS  
WE'RE RIGHT BACK  
WHERE WE STARTED!

LET'S GO TO  
LUNCH FIRST,  
AND LEAVE  
THIS WATCH  
AT A REPAIR  
SHOP, SO IT  
WON'T  
INTERFERE!



YOUR WRIST WATCH  
HAS A RADIUM  
DIAL!



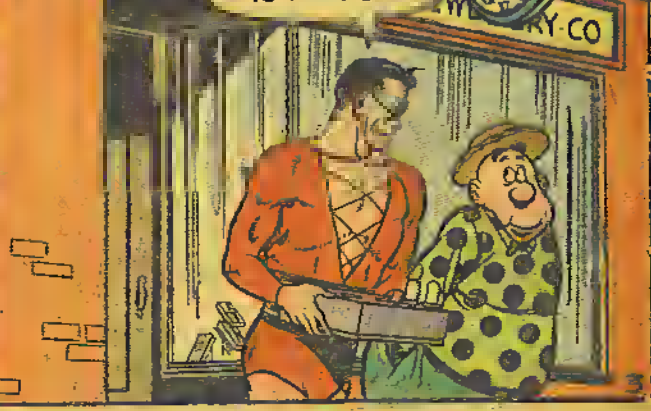
LET'S HURRY,  
WOODY! WE'VE  
WASTED ALL  
MORNING!

I'LL BE RIGHT  
WITH YOU!

I LIKE THIS  
LITTLE THING!  
PLAS DOESN'T  
HAVE TO KNOW  
I TOOK IT!

LATER, THAT  
AFTERNOON...

NOW THAT YOUR  
WATCH WON'T  
BOTHER US ANY-  
MORE WE'VE  
GOT TO GET BACK  
TO THE DOCKS!





# PLASTIC MAN

GEE, PLAS, LOOKING FOR THOSE PHONY EXPORTERS IS LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!

YOU'RE RIGHT, WOODY, BUT LET'S SEE WHAT THE INSTRUMENT NEEDLE SAYS!



BUT WHERE IS IT? THERE'S NOTHING AROUND HERE!



COME ON, EMPTY YOUR POCKETS!

OH, PLAS, I'M NOT CARRYING ANYTHING! THE WATCH WAS THE ONLY...



WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE! COME ON! OUT WITH EVERYTHING! NO! IT'S NOT THIS!



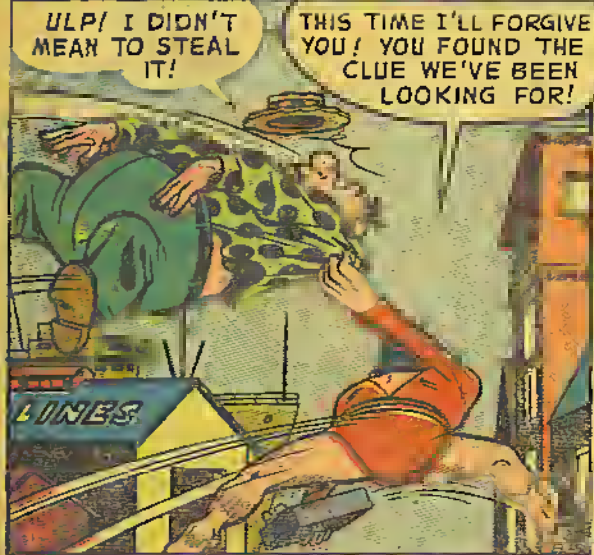
UH-WELL... YOU SEE PLAS, IT WAS SUCH A PRETTY LOOKING...

LOOK AT THE NEEDLE! IT'S JUMPING! THIS THING IS RADIO ACTIVE!

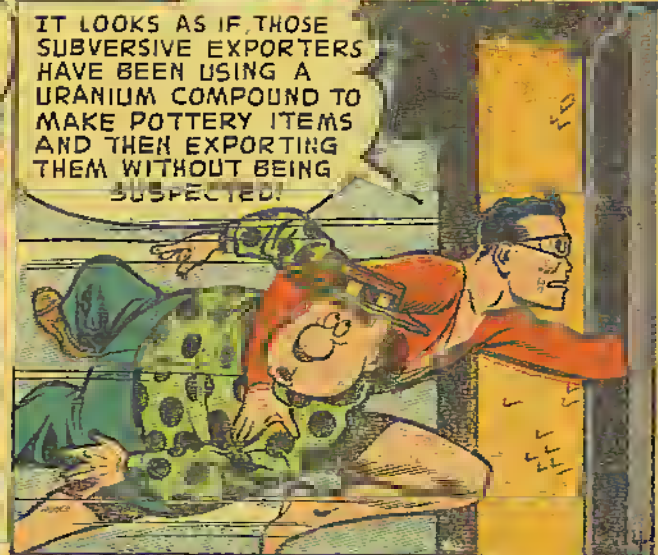


ULP! I DIDN'T MEAN TO STEAL IT!

THIS TIME I'LL FORGIVE YOU! YOU FOUND THE CLUE WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



IT LOOKS AS IF THOSE SUBVERSIVE EXPORTERS HAVE BEEN USING A URANIUM COMPOUND TO MAKE POTTERY ITEMS AND THEN EXPORTING THEM WITHOUT BEING SUSPECTED!





AND NOW WE'RE REALLY GOING TO INVESTIGATE!



HEY, TOM! THERE THEY ARE AGAIN!

YEAH, CLIP! THOSE TWO GUYS ARE THE ONES WHO WERE SNOOPING AROUND HERE EARLIER TODAY!



WE'LL FIX THEM! I'LL SIGNAL JOE UP IN THE CRANE CAB!



WOOZY! THE NEEDLE'S JUMPING! THIS IS IT! THIS IS THE URANIUM!



PLAS! LOOK OUT!



UGH!



PLAS! PLAS! SORRY! SPEAK TO ME!

GOOD AIM, JOE! YOU KNOCKED HIM FLAT!

THAT'S NOT ALL WE'RE GOING TO DO TO THESE SNOOPERS!





# PLASTIC MAN

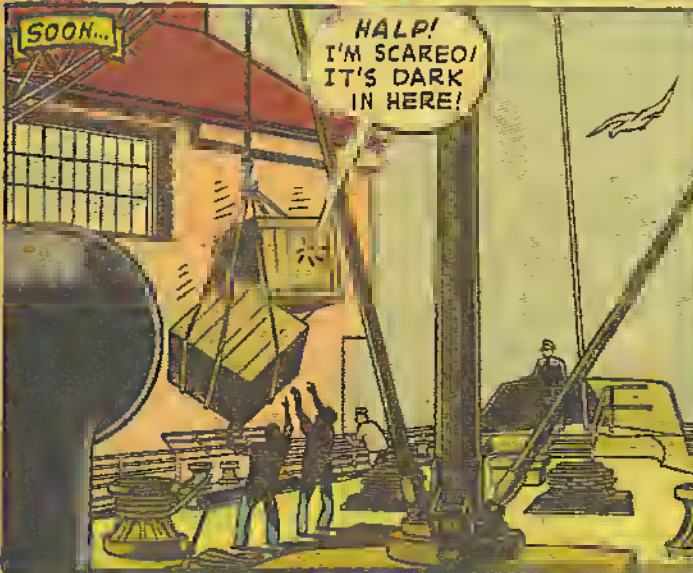
THEY KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT OUR OPERATIONS! WE'LL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF THEM!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, GENTLEMEN! CAN'T WE DISCUSS THIS?

OUR SHIP IS LEAVING SOON! WE'LL LOAD THEM ON BOARD IN THESE PACKING CASES AND WHEN THEY'RE OUT A SAFE DISTANCE THE CAPTAIN WILL UNCRATE THEM AND THROW THEM OVERBOARD!

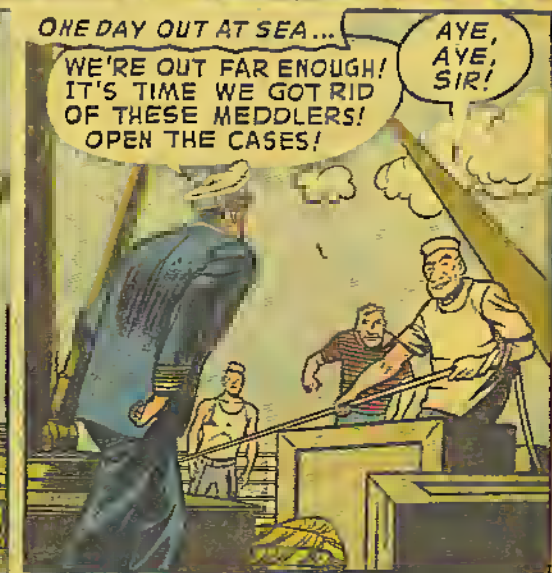
HALP! LET ME OUT OF HERE! I DON'T WANT TO GO! I'LL GET SEA SICK!

YOU NAIL UP THE CASES! I'M GOING TO ARRANGE FOR THE LOADING WITH THE CAPTAIN!



SOON...

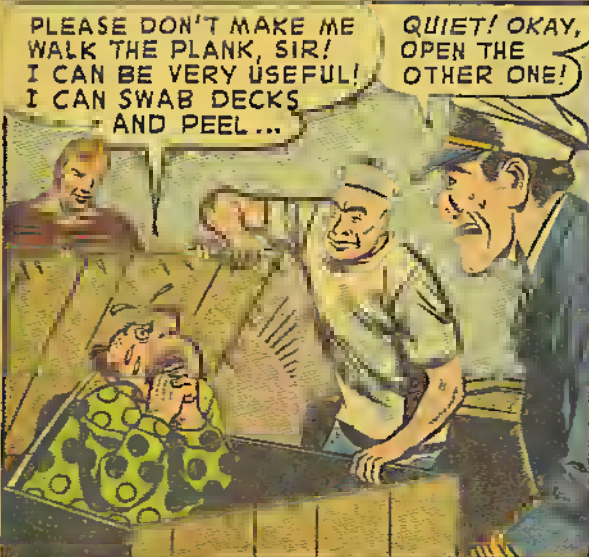
HALP! I'M SCARED! IT'S DARK IN HERE!



ONE DAY OUT AT SEA...

WE'RE OUT FAR ENOUGH! IT'S TIME WE GOT RID OF THESE MEDDLERS! OPEN THE CASES!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME WALK THE PLANK, SIR! I CAN BE VERY USEFUL! I CAN SWAB DECKS AND PEEL...

QUIET! OKAY, OPEN THE OTHER ONE!



HUH! IT'S EMPTY! WHERE'S THE OTHER ONE?



# PLASTIC MAN



RIGHT HERE, CAPTAIN, AND I'M PUTTING AN END TO THIS FOOLISHNESS RIGHT NOW!

PLAS! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU ALIVE!



SEIZE THEM! THROW THEM OVER THE SIDE!



LET'S GET THEM! C'MON MEN!

I'LL FIGHT... OOPS!



THAT'S IT, PLAS, OLD BOY! SOCK 'EM!



WE'VE GOT HIM!

HOLD ON TO HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET LOOSE!

AND THE FORCE OF GREATER NUMBERS FINALLY TELLS...

YOU'D BETTER GIVE YOURSELF UP AND TURN BACK NOW, CAPTAIN! YOU'RE AN ENEMY OF YOUR OWN COUNTRY! THEY'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER!

HA, HA! WITH YOU DEAD NO ONE WILL SUSPECT ME! OVER THE SIDE WITH THEM, MEN!



SO LONG, PLAS! THIS SURE LOOKS LIKE THE END!

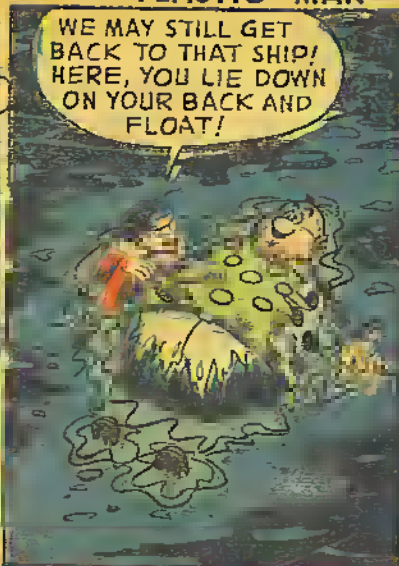


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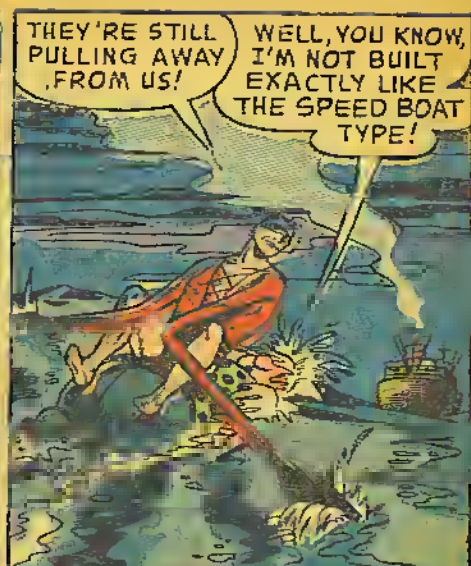


WE'RE GOING TO DROWN!

DON'T GIVE UP YET, WOZZY! WE'RE NOT DEAD YET!

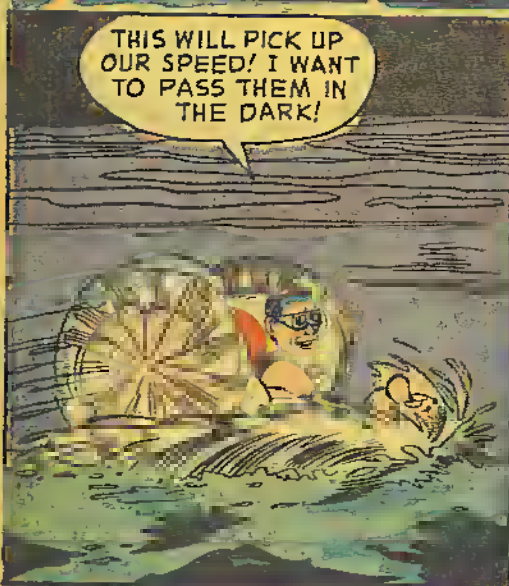


WE MAY STILL GET BACK TO THAT SHIP! HERE, YOU LIE DOWN ON YOUR BACK AND FLOAT!

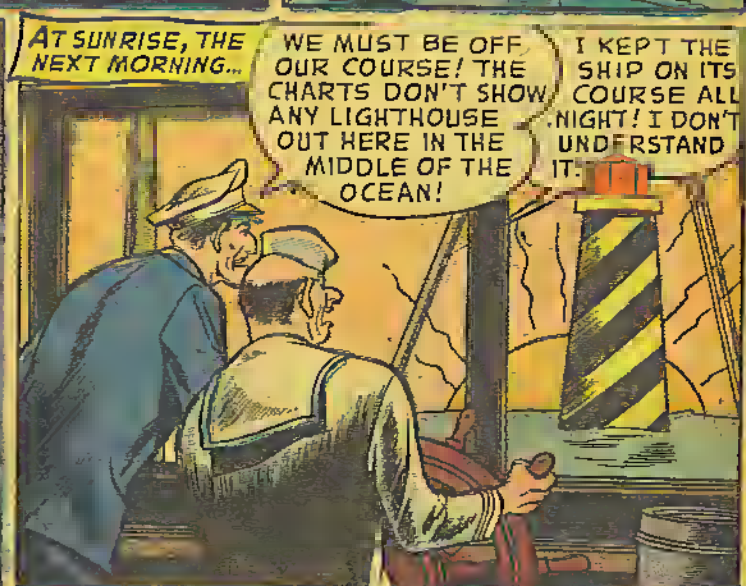


THEY'RE STILL PULLING AWAY FROM US!

WELL, YOU KNOW, I'M NOT BUILT EXACTLY LIKE THE SPEED BOAT TYPE!



THIS WILL PICK UP OUR SPEED! I WANT TO PASS THEM IN THE DARK!



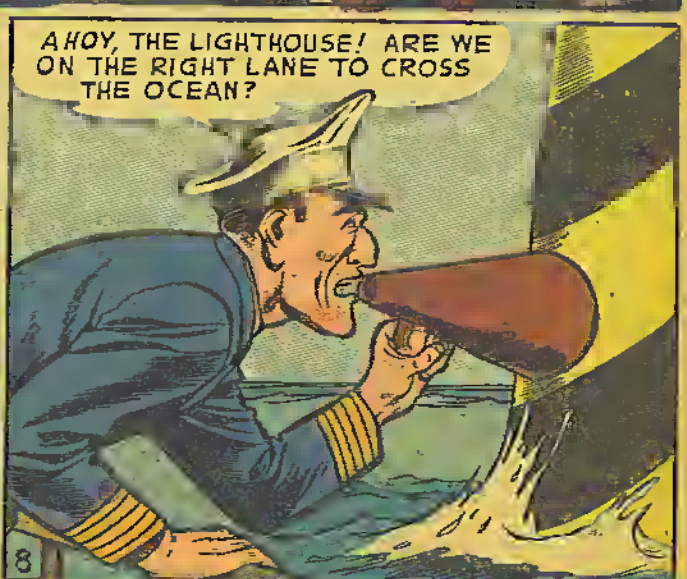
AT SUNRISE, THE NEXT MORNING...

WE MUST BE OFF OUR COURSE! THE CHARTS DON'T SHOW ANY LIGHTHOUSE OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN!

I KEPT THE SHIP ON ITS COURSE ALL NIGHT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!



BRING THE SHIP CLOSER TO THE LIGHTHOUSE! I'M GOING TO CHECK UP ON THIS!



AHOY, THE LIGHTHOUSE! ARE WE ON THE RIGHT LANE TO CROSS THE OCEAN?



# PLASTIC MAN

YOU'RE WAY OFF COURSE!  
BEST THING FOR YOU TO DO  
IS TURN AROUND AND GO  
BACK TO THE STATES!

I SEE IT BUT I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT! WE'RE  
STAYING ON THE  
COURSE I CHARTED!  
FULL SPEED AHEAD!

IT DIDN'T  
WORK!  
THEY'RE  
SAILING  
ON!

WELL, DO SOME-  
THING! I CAN'T  
HOLD ON HERE  
MUCH LONGER!

WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP THAT  
URANIUM SHIP-  
MENT FROM REACH-  
ING UNFRIENDLY

HOW CAN YOU TALK  
ABOUT THAT WHEN  
WE HAVEN'T  
EVEN SAVED  
OURSELVES?

HANDS AND  
WE'VE GOT  
TO BRING  
THAT CREW  
BACK TO JAIL!

THAT CREW WAS  
ABLE TO THROW  
US OVER THE  
SIDE BUT I  
STILL THINK  
WE CAN BEAT  
THEM!

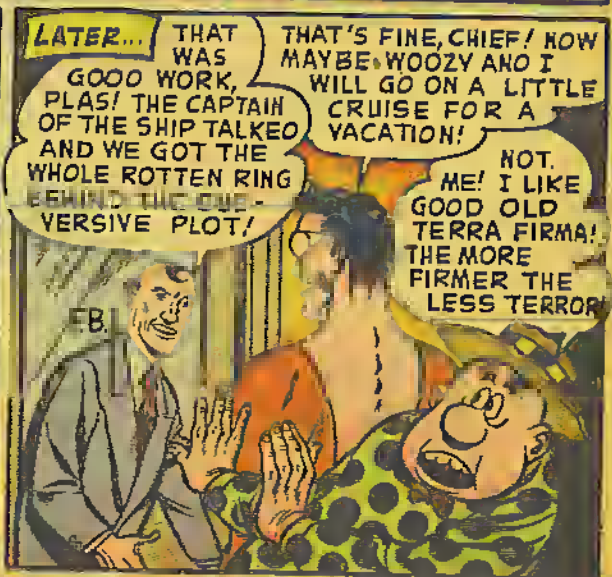
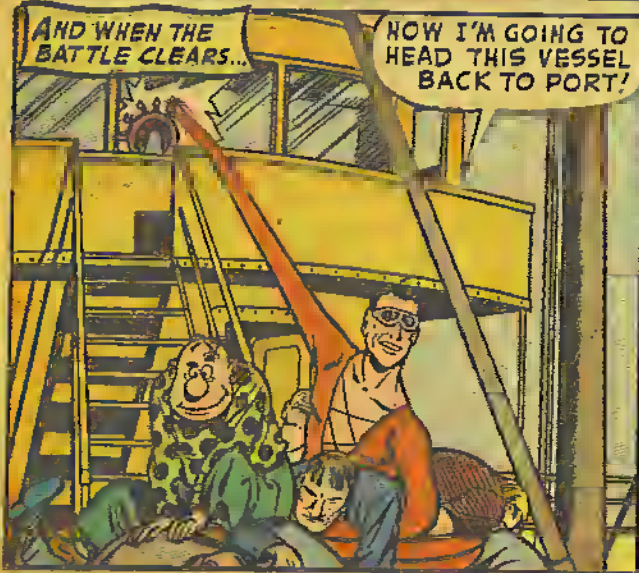
NOW, PLAS,  
BE REASON-  
ABLE! THEY  
OUTNUMBER  
US TEN TO  
ONE!

YES! BUT WE'RE  
GOING TO USE THE  
ELEMENT OF  
SURPRISE!

HOLO ONTO YOUR  
BREATH! WE'RE GOING  
TO TRAVEL UNOER  
WATER!



# PLASTIC MAN





# IS HITLER ALIVE?



HERE IS A POWERFUL  
STORY OUT OF THE  
CATACOMBS OF  
THE PYRAMIDS!

**PETE TRASK,**  
AMERICAN TREASURY  
AGENT MAKES A  
STARTLING DISCOV-  
ERY DEEP IN THE  
HIDDEN RECESSES  
OF AN OLD EGYPT-  
IAN TOMB!

DON'T MISS THIS  
AMAZING ADVENTURE!

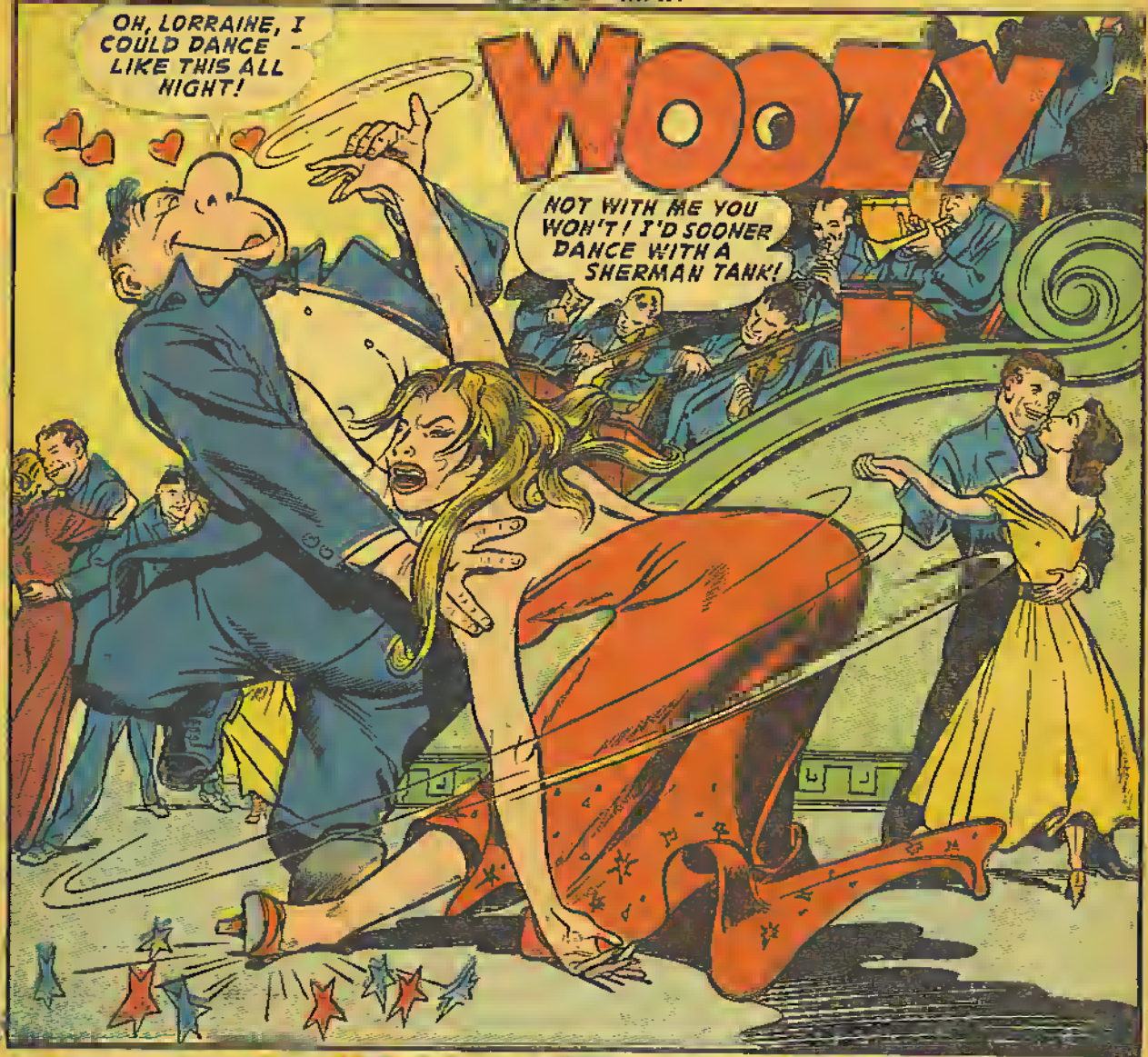
SEE HOW **T-MAN** FERRETS OUT THE MOST FANATIC-  
AL TYRANT OF THEM ALL...

Read

**"THE MAN WHO COULD BE HITLER!"**

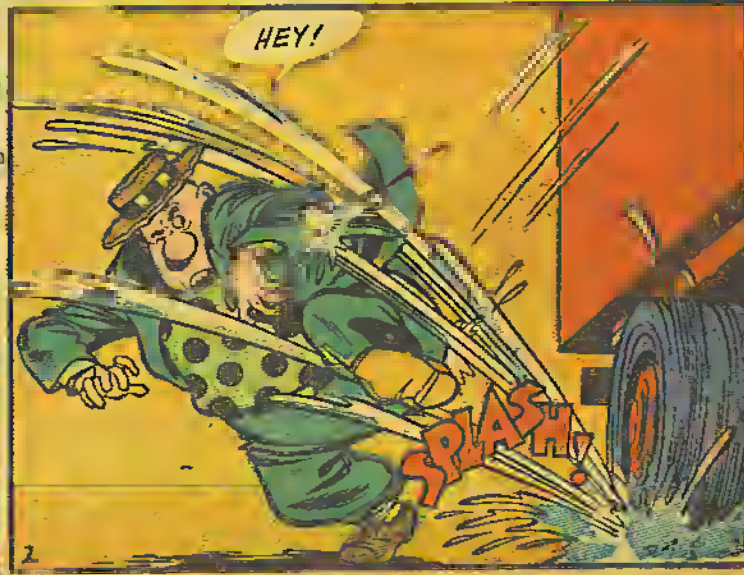
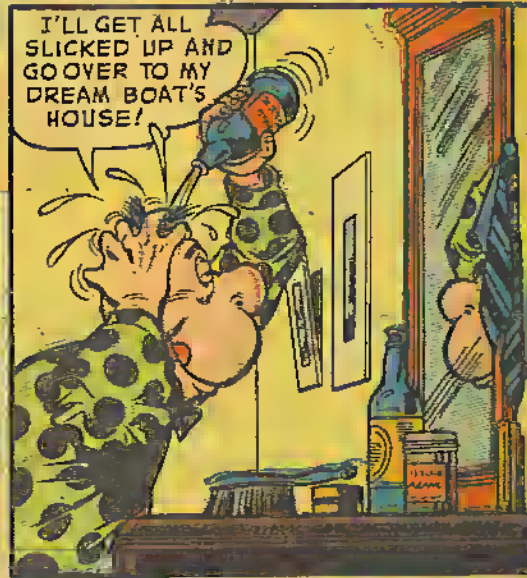
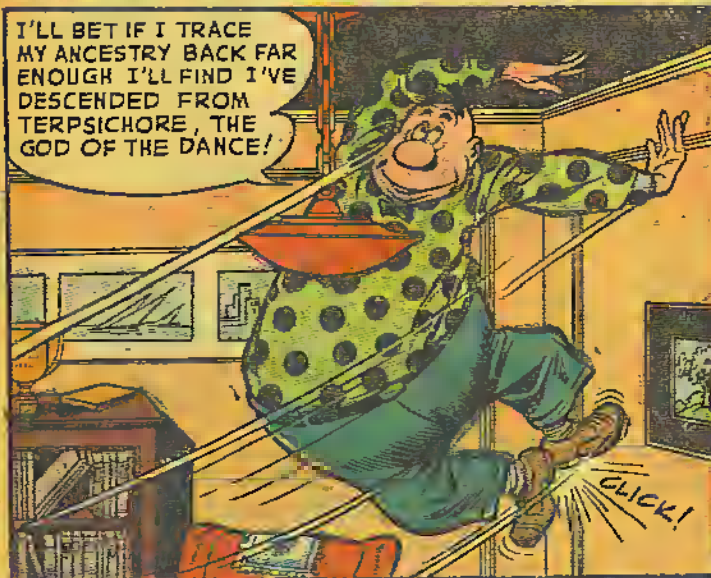
IN THE  
JULY ISSUE OF T-MAN ON SALE APRIL 4th







# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN

THERE OUGHT  
TO BE A LAW! THOSE  
GUYS ARE  
DANGEROUS!



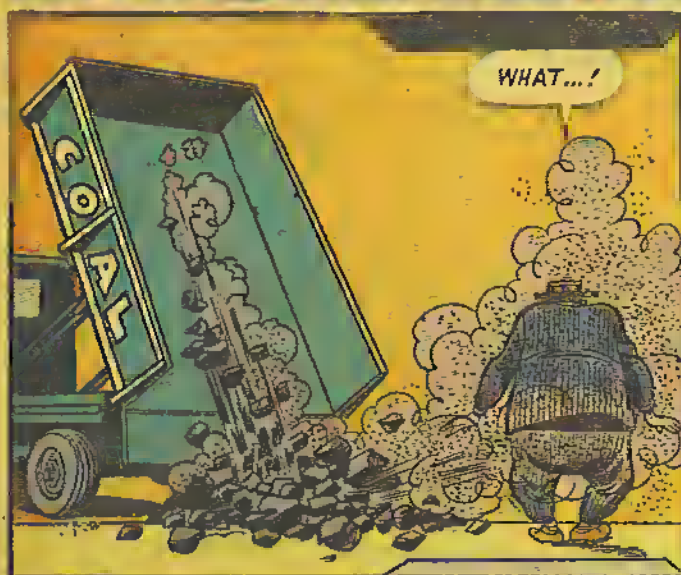
IT'S A GOOD THING I'VE  
GOT ANOTHER SUIT! I'VE  
GOT TO LOOK MY BEST  
WHEN I VISIT THE LOVE  
OF MY LIFE!



NOW I'D BETTER  
HURRY! I'VE LOST  
TOO MUCH TIME  
ALREADY!



WHAT...!



WHAT AM I GOING TO  
DO? I'M ALL COVERED  
WITH COAL DUST!



I HAVEN'T GOT ANOTHER  
SUIT! HOW AM I GOING  
TO... WAIT! I HAVE  
AN IDEA!

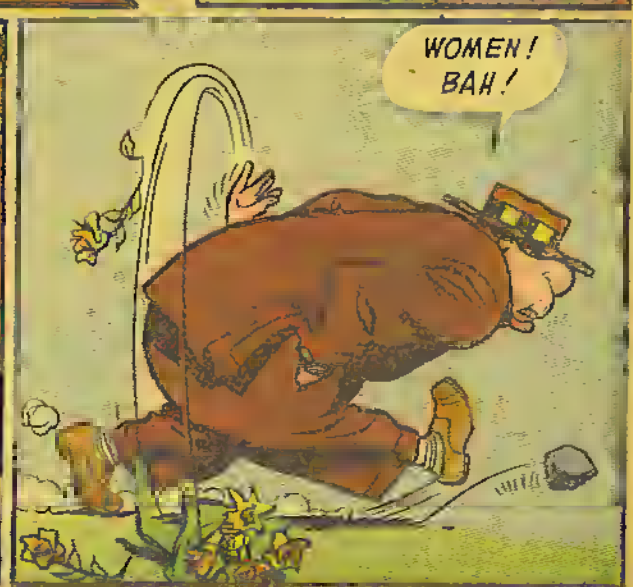
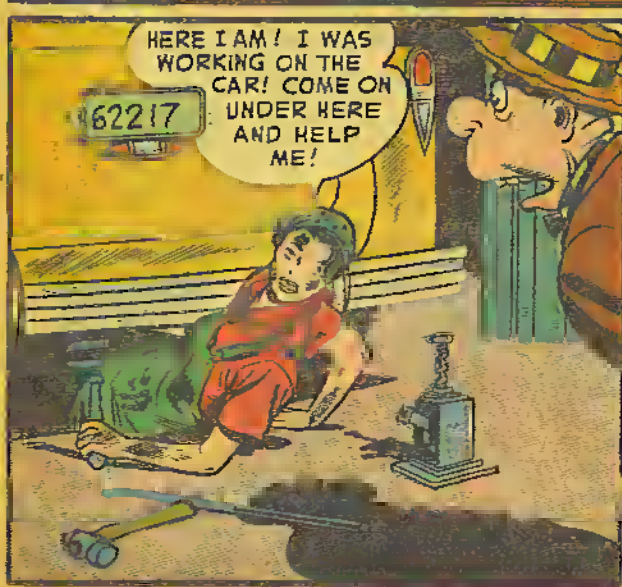
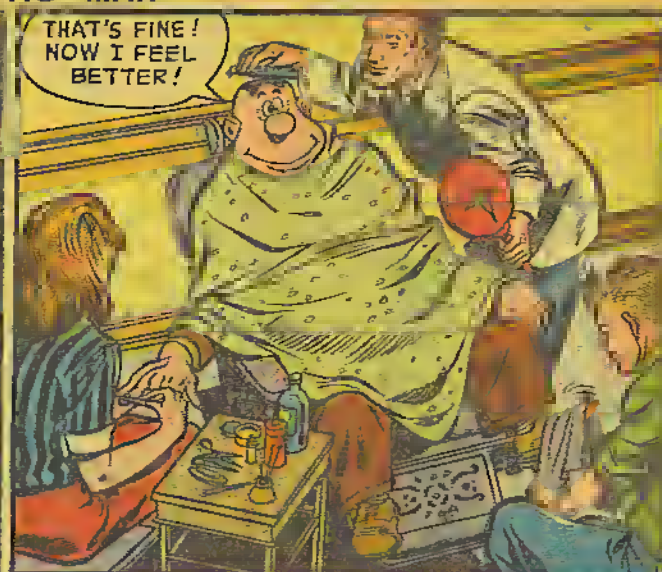


IT'S A GOOD  
WATCH! HERE'S  
YOUR MONEY!

GOOD! I'LL BE  
ABLE TO GET ALL  
I NEED WITH  
THIS!











IN THE OFFICE OF CHIEF COOLEY, F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C.





# PLASTIC MAN

WHAT DO WE DO FIRST?

TONIGHT I WANT YOU TO ATTEND A PARTY WHERE YOU WILL GET A CHANCE TO MINGLE WITH HIGH RANKING OFFICIALS! YOU WILL GET AN IDEA OF WHO IS WHO IN WASHINGTON TO YOUR MIND WHEN YOU GET TO WATCH!

LATER, AT THE HOTEL...

...SO TONIGHT WE ARE GOING TO A WASHINGTON DIPLOMATIC PARTY!

AT LAST! I'LL GET A CHANCE TO MEET ELEGANT LADIES WHO CAN REALLY APPRECIATE ME!

THAT NIGHT...

COME ON! IT LOOKS AS IF THE PARTY'S IN FULL SWING!

WHERE ARE THE REFRESHMENTS!

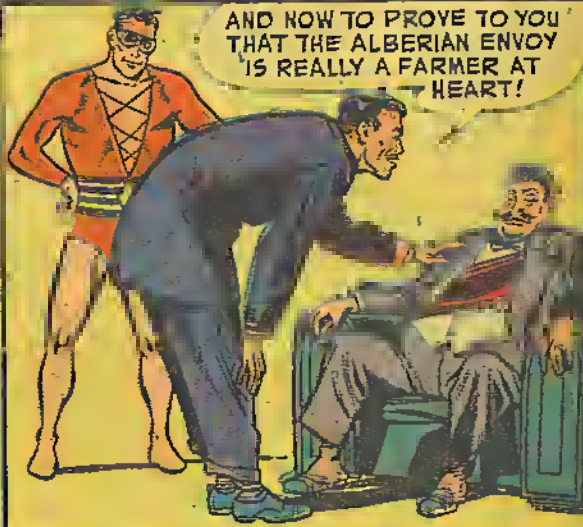


THIS MAGICIAN LOOKS INTERESTING! I'M GOING TO WATCH HIM!

NOT ME! THERE'S ENOUGH MAGIC IN THIS OOZY EYES TO INTEREST ME!



AND NOW TO PROVE TO YOU THAT THE ALBERIAN ENVOY IS REALLY A FARMER AT HEART!

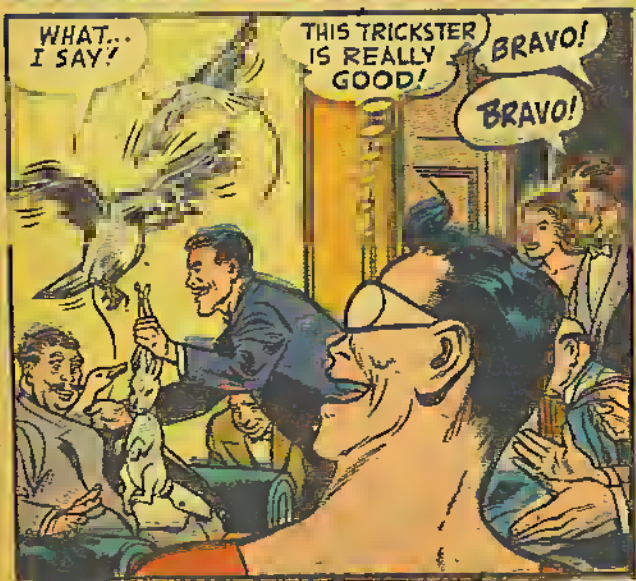


WHAT... I SAY!

THIS TRICKSTER IS REALLY GOOD!

BRAVO!

BRAVO!

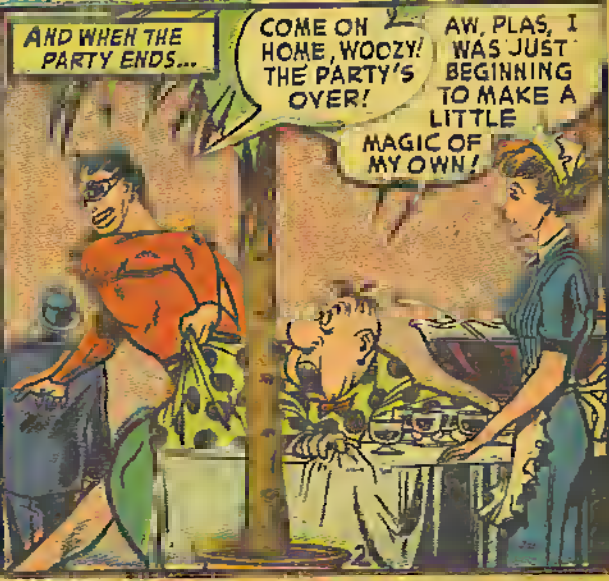


AND WHEN THE PARTY ENDS...

COME ON HOME, WOZZY! THE PARTY'S OVER!

AW, PLAS, I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO MAKE A LITTLE

MAGIC OF MY OWN!





# PLASTIC MAN

THE NEXT DAY AT F.B.I. HEAD-  
QUARTERS...

THE SECRET TREATY! IT'S  
GONE I TELL YOU! IT'S GONE!  
I WAS CARRYING IT IN MY  
POCKET! SOMEONE MUST  
HAVE STOLEN IT! SOME-  
THING SHOULD BE DONE!

F.B.I.  
WASHINGTON  
HEADS

IT'S THAT  
SPY'S WORK  
AGAIN! I'M  
SURE! BUT  
HE'S AS SLIPPERY  
AS AN EEL... I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT TO DO!

I THINK I KNOW  
WHO THE SPY IS  
BUT I'LL NEED AN  
ELABORATE  
SETTING TO  
CATCH  
HIM!

ANY-  
THING!  
YOU  
NAME  
IT AND  
I'LL  
HAVE  
IT!

WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE  
SOMEONE SPONSOR A  
LARGE AFTERNOON  
PARTY FOR IMPORTANT  
PEOPLE AND INVITE  
THE MAGICIAN TO  
ENTERTAIN...

... AND THE PARTY WILL BE GIVEN IN  
HONOR OF WOOLY DRESSED AS THE  
AMBASSADOR FROM KUTKOYTI ISLAND.  
A STRATEGIC AIRBASE IN THE PACIFIC  
WE'LL SPREAD THE STORY THAT HE'S  
BRINGING THE PLANS FOR A  
NEW AIRBASE!

THE NEXT AFTERNOON,  
AT THE PARTY...

YOU'RE DOING  
FINE, WOOLY!  
KEEP IT  
UP!

YOU KNOW, PLAS,  
I LIKE THIS  
AMBASSADOR  
WORK! MAYBE  
I'LL GET ME A  
FULL TIME JOB  
DOING IT!

THE ONLY THING THAT  
BOTHERS ME IS THESE  
COLLARS I'D HAVE TO  
WEAR!

QUIET! HERE  
COMES  
THE  
MAGI-  
CIAN!

AND NOW I WILL SURPRISE  
THE AMBASSADOR FROM  
KUTKOYTI ISLAND WITH  
A FEW TRICKS!

GOOD! I  
LIKE  
SURPRISES!



# PLASTIC MAN

MAYBE THE  
AMBASSADOR  
DIDN'T KNOW HE  
WAS CARRYING ALL  
THESE!



YEOW!



SINCE YOU LIKE  
TRICKS I THOUGHT  
YOU'D GET A BANG  
OUT OF THIS ONE!

THERE'S OUR  
MAN PLAS!  
HE'S THE SPY!



THAT'S ALL THE PROOF I  
NEED THAT YOU'VE BEEN  
GOING THROUGH THE POCKETS  
OF IMPORTANT  
PEOPLE AND...

NOT SO  
FAST!



YOU TOUCH ME  
AND I'LL BLOW THIS  
PHONY AMBASSADOR  
APART!

P-P-PLEASE, P-PLAS!  
DON'T LET HIM DO IT!  
TELL HIM WE WERE  
ONLY CLOWNING!



HEW! HEH!  
SOB& IT  
WAS JUST A  
JOKE!

I'M TAKING BLUBBER,  
HERE, WITH ME AS  
INSURANCE THAT  
NOBODY TRAILS  
ME!



I'LL HAVE TO KEEP THAT  
CAR IN SIGHT BUT FIRST  
I MUST TELEPHONE  
THIS INFORMATION  
TO HEADQUARTERS!

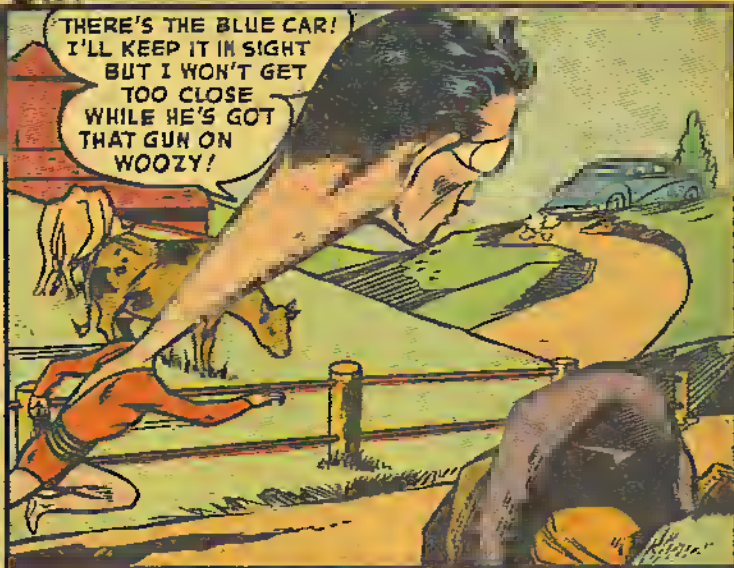




YES, CHIEF! HE GOT AWAY IN A BLUE SEDAN! WE'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL! HE'S HOLDING WOOLLY AS A HOSTAGE AND WON'T HESITATE TO KILL HIM! I'M STARTING AFTER THEM NOW!



THERE'S THE BLUE CAR! I'LL KEEP IT IN SIGHT BUT I WON'T GET TOO CLOSE WHILE HE'S GOT THAT GUN ON WOOLLY!



SHORTLY AFTER AT THE MAGICIAN'S HOME...

COME ON, SHAP IT UP! GET THOSE THINGS INTO THE CAR! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

PLEASE, SIR, CAN'T I STAY HERE? I LIKE THE CLIMATE IN WASHINGTON!



WAIT A MINUTE! I WANT TO HEAR THESE POLICE CALLS!

CALLING ALL CARS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A BLUE SEDAN! STOP ALL CARS! LOOK FOR DARK HAIR MAN WHO POSES AS A MAGICIAN!



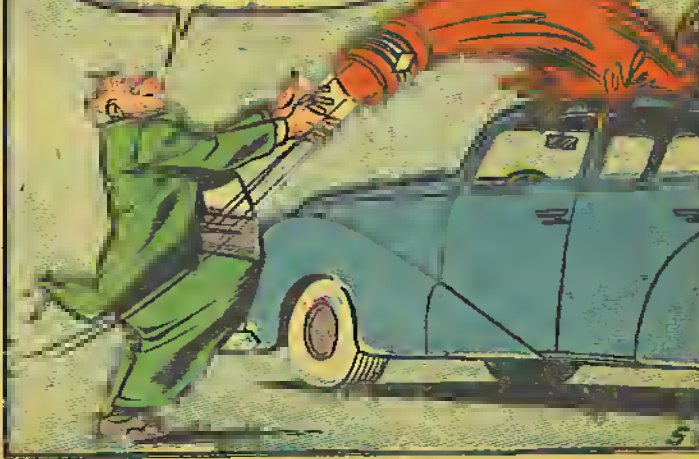
THEY'RE SETTING UP ROAD BLOCKS TO STOP BLUE CARS! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO GET BY THEM!



I'VE GOT IT! HEY, BUTTERBALL, GET BUSY WITH THAT CAN OF PAINT AND MAKE THIS CAR RED! HURRY!



I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT PAINTING BUT THIS WOULD BE THE QUICKEST WAY!





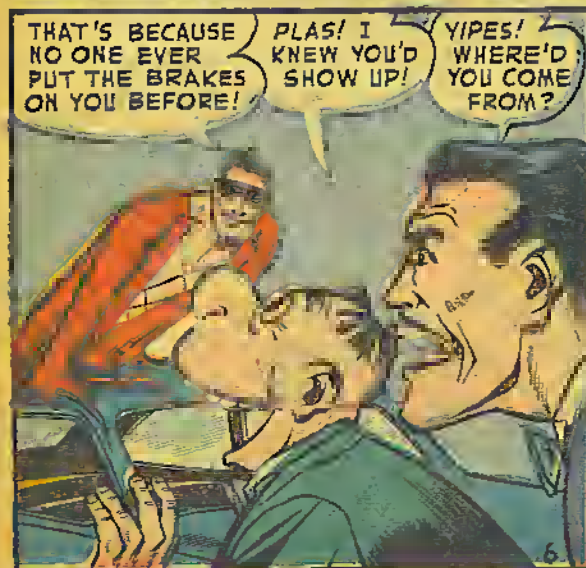
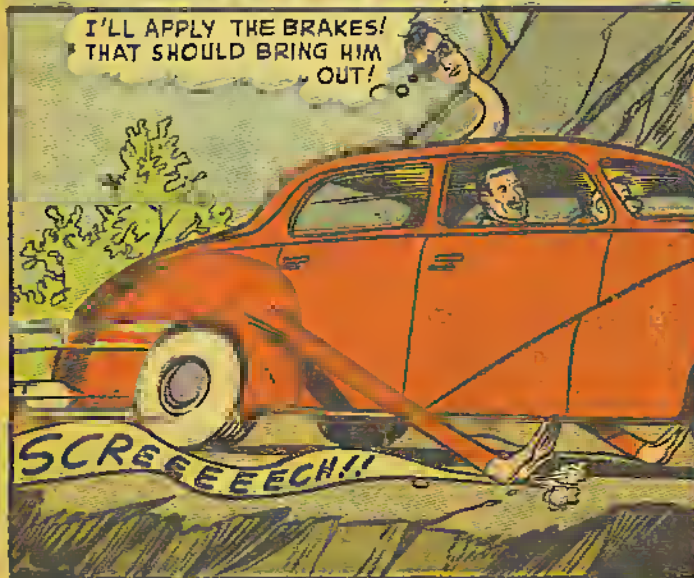
# PLASTIC MAN



COME ON! GET IN THE CAR! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GET THROUGH THE POLICE BLOCKADE!

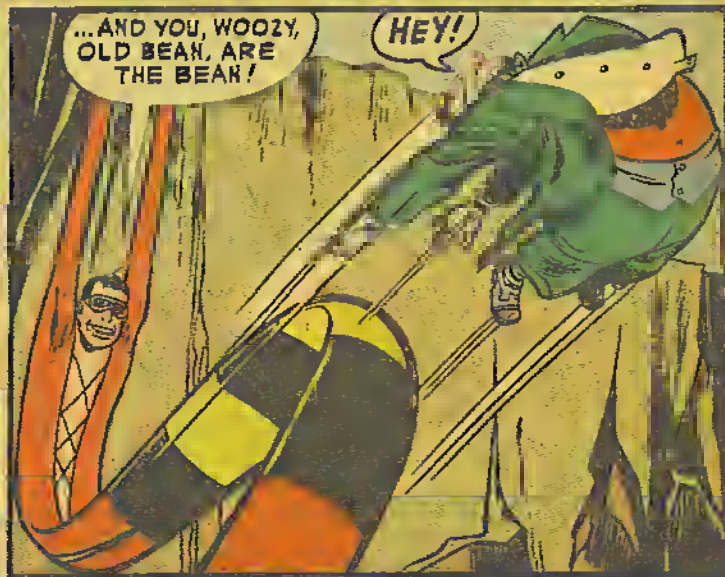


D-DON'T W-WORRY! I-I-I C-CAN'T T-TALK!





# PLASTIC MAN







DEATH AND VIOLENCE RAKE THE TEEMING JUNGLES OF ANATOA ISLAND AS A RUTHLESS DESPOT REVIVES PRIMITIVE HATES AND PASSIONS, TURNING THE NATIVES INTO BLOOD-THIRSTY SAVAGE KILLERS! FIGHTING TO FREE THE ISLANDERS FROM THIS TYRANT'S GRIP, THE **BLACKHAWKS** FACE DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE VERY MEN THEY SEEK TO HELP! WHAT ESCAPE IS THERE FROM THIS DIABOLICAL **TERROR IN THE JUNGLE?**

DON'T MISS THE JULY ISSUE OF BLACKHAWK...

*On Sale April 23rd*

**THE MOST POPULAR COMIC MAGAZINE IN AMERICA!**



# THE PERFECT MURDER

"HOW about it?" asked feature reporter Jed Blake as he sat near the desk of Inspector Marty Lane of homicide. "Did you ever know of a perfect murder?"

"Now, that," grinned Lane, "is a pretty silly question. If it was a perfect murder, I wouldn't know about it, would I? But along the line there have been a few who thought they could get away with one. There was the Blather Case, for instance."

"That was a long time ago, wasn't it?" commented Blake. "I can remember hearing the name. Tell me about it."

Blake always liked to get the Inspector to talking. Lane lighted a cigar and settled back into his chair and began his story. "Simeon Blather was a blind millionaire," he explained. "He had made a fortune in the stock market when he suddenly lost his sight. After that, he retired to his home and lived there as a recluse. He took in his nephew, Melvin Blather, as his secretary and promised that he would be his heir and together they lived a very retired life. But after a time this began to get on Melvin's nerves and he started sneaking out and hitting the high spots. Before too long, he was up to his neck in debt. And then one day his uncle found out about it and threatened to cut him off without a cent. And about that time, Melvin began planning the perfect murder. He wanted the old man's money but he wanted the night life, too."

"He wouldn't be the first to murder for money," said Blake. "There was certainly the motive."

"Yes, there was a motive," agreed Lane, "and Melvin knew he'd be under suspicion so he arranged to take care of that. His uncle's bedroom was on the second floor. He'd usually stay there most of the morning and then, with his cane, make his way down into the parlor and the study. Well, one morning, the old man sent Melvin to fetch his attorney. So Melvin figured the attorney was there to change the will. And that was the day that Simeon Blather died."

"It adds up. What happened?" asked Blake.

"Well," grunted Inspector Lane, "when Melvin returned with the attorney, they entered the house together and found the old man lying dead at the foot of the stairs with a broken neck. Melvin rushed to his uncle's side and asked the attorney to call the police. And that's where I came in. At first it looked like an accident. The body was still warm when I arrived and the coroner said the victim couldn't have been dead over an hour. That meant he was alive when the nephew left. But I had a feeling that something was wrong when I saw the old man's cane in the umbrella stand near the door. It didn't make sense for him to be walking around without that cane. There was another thing. The attorney mentioned that he was sure he'd heard

a bell ringing when they came to the door. He said it had stopped as they entered the house. I knew that bell couldn't have been the telephone because it was too far away to be heard from the outside."

"Inspector," said Blake as Lane paused, "my curiosity's aroused. But I can't see what the ringing of a bell has to do with a man falling downstairs."

"It had a lot to do with it," Lane answered. "It gave me the answer to the case. I went outside, looked at the doorbell button, then returned and examined the stairway. After what I saw and deduced, I knew I was right and I arrested Melvin as his uncle's murderer. He protested and then tried to get away. But when we subdued him and searched him, we found the evidence that convicted him."

"You're still talking in riddles as far as I'm concerned," smiled Blake, lighting a cigarette. "How did you make this into murder?"

"It was an attempt to commit the perfect murder," grinned the Inspector. "But the murderer, like all criminals, overlooked a few details. It was the cane in the umbrella stand that started me thinking. Then the bell. The only bell that could have been heard outside would have been the doorbell. When I examined the hell button, I remembered a trick we did as kids. We would stick a pin between the button and the case, causing the bell to ring. Then we'd run. And I could see a fresh mark that looked as if someone had done just that. Then when I noticed a mark on one of the posts at the head of the staircase, a mark that looked as if a wire had been wrapped around it, I knew the answer. Young Melvin had left the house, removed his uncle's cane and put it in the umbrella stand. Then he had stuck a pin in the doorbell as he went out. The uncle, irritated by its constant ringing, had attempted to feel his way down the stairs and had tripped over a wire that had been stretched across the stairs."

"Melvin did that?" muttered Jed Blake. "How low can a guy get?"

"Plenty. When he and the attorney returned, they found Simeon Blather. The attorney called the police at Melvin's request and that gave Melvin time to remove the wire and put it in his pocket. And the bell had stopped ringing when they entered because he, himself, had removed the pin. It was almost foolproof, except that he didn't have time to get rid of the wire in his pocket."

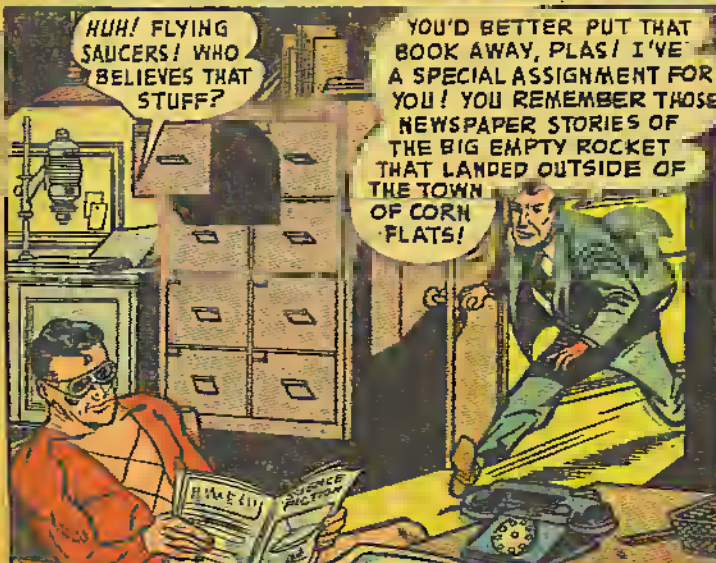
"It wasn't a perfect murder. Melvin was hanged for his mistake," Inspector Lane concluded his story and got up to get his hat. "That's some story, huh?"

"Sure is," agreed Blake. "Thanks, Inspector. Now I'll go back to the office and write a feature story on the Blather Case."





**FLYING SAUCERS! MEN FROM MARS!  
ROCKETS FROM THE PLANETS! HUH!  
WHO CAN BELIEVE THAT STUFF... IT'S  
NOTHING BUT SCIENCE FICTION! BUT  
PLASTIC MAN AND WOODY AREN'T  
SO SURE IT'S ALL IN THE MIND  
WHEN THEY GET A SPECIAL  
ASSIGNMENT AND FIND THEM-  
SELVES FACE TO FACE WITH  
THE INVISIBLE  
INVADERS!**

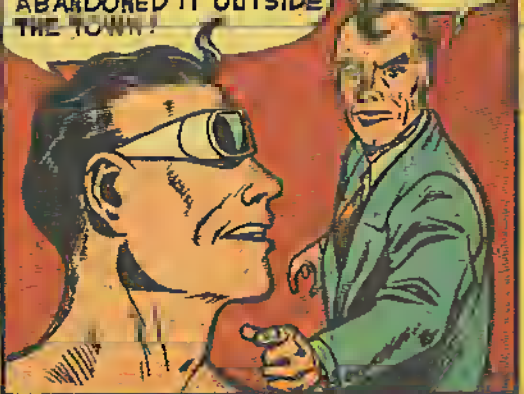


HUH! FLYING  
SAUCERS! WHO  
BELIEVES THAT  
STUFF?

YOU'D BETTER PUT THAT  
BOOK AWAY, PLAS! I'VE  
A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FOR  
YOU! YOU REMEMBER THOSE  
NEWSPAPER STORIES OF  
THE BIG EMPTY ROCKET  
THAT LANDED OUTSIDE OF  
THE TOWN  
OF CORN  
FLATS!

YES, I REMEMBER!  
THEY THOUGHT IT  
CAME FROM SOME  
OTHER WORLD BUT  
WHEN THEY DIDN'T FIND  
ANY INVADERS THE ARMY  
ABANDONED IT OUTSIDE  
THE TOWN!

BUT MYSTERIOUS  
THINGS HAVE BEEN  
HAPPENING AND  
NOW THE F.B.I.  
HAS BEEN  
CALLED IN!





# PLASTIC MAN

THINGS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING FROM THE HOMES OF THE TOWNS-PEOPLE AND WHEN SOME DARING ONES VENTURED OUT TO THE ROCKET THEY FOUND THEIR MISSING BELONGINGS THERE!



ALSO SOME PEOPLE SAID THEY HAD SEEN ORDINARY OBJECTS, LIKE A CHAIR, SUDDENLY GET UP AND FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR! HOW THE PEOPLE THINK THEIR TOWN IS HAUNTED AND THEY ARE ALMOST PANIC STRICKEN!



THAT SOUNDS SERIOUS, CHIEF! I'LL PICK UP WOODY AND WE'LL SET RIGHT OUT THERE!

A FEW DAYS LATER...

SO THIS IS CORN FLATS! COME ON, WOODY, WE'RE GOING TO TALK TO SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN TOWN!

BY THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE YOU CAN TALK TO ALL OF THE PEOPLE IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES!



IT'S DERNED MYSTERIOUS I TELL YOU! MY WATCH DISAPPEARED AND A WEEK LATER I FOUND IT IN THAT ROCKET!



I TELL YOU I'M SCARED! I'VE HEARD VOICES BUT I COULDN'T SEE ANYONE!



YOU KNOW I DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING UNLESS I SEE IT... BUT I'M SCARED!



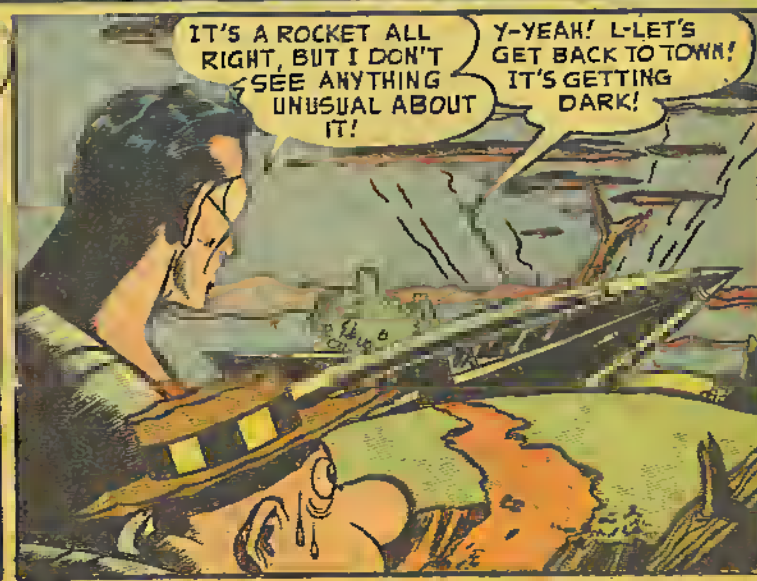
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! COME ON, WE'RE GOING OUT TO SEE THIS ROCKET!

GEE, PLAS, DON'T YOU THINK I OUGHT TO STAY IN TOWN AND TALK TO SOME MORE PEOPLE?



IT'S A ROCKET ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT IT!

Y-YEAH! L-LET'S GET BACK TO TOWN! IT'S GETTING DARK!





# PLASTIC MAN



NO, WE'LL CAMP  
HERE FOR THE  
NIGHT AND IN  
THE MORNING  
WE'LL GIVE THAT  
ROCKET A REAL  
GOING OVER!

I'LL C-CAMP  
HERE! BUT I  
DOUBT THAT  
I-I'LL  
S-SLEEP!

LATER THAT NIGHT...



HUH! I  
THOUGHT I  
HEARD  
VOICES!

THIS IS THE  
BEST SAMPLE  
WE'VE SEEN!



WHAT! WOOLY  
IS DRIFTING  
INTO THE  
AIR!

WE'LL TAKE HIM  
BACK WITH US!



YIPES! HALP!  
PLAS! LET ME  
DOWN!

I HEAR VOICES!  
THERE MUST BE  
SOMEONE  
THERE!



HOLD ON, WOOLY!  
I'LL HELP YOU...  
BUT I DON'T SEE  
ANYONE!



I'LL JUST BLANKET THE WHOLE PLACE  
AND TRAP WHOEVER IS DOING  
THIS!

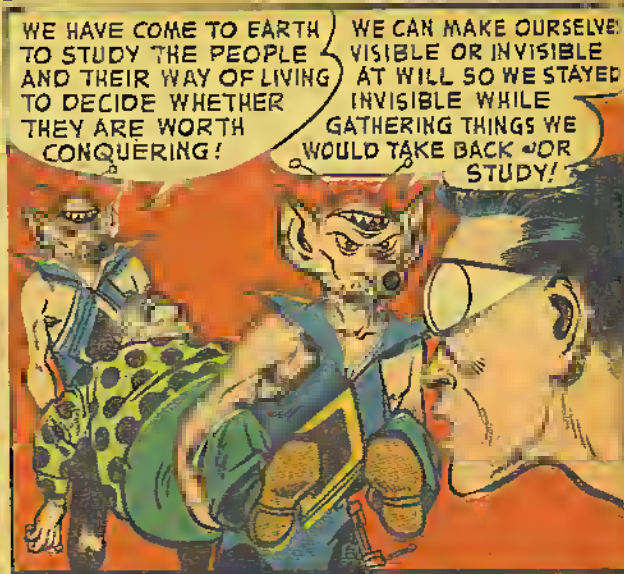


P-PLAS! YOU  
GOTTA DO  
SOMETHING!

I'M TRYING,  
WOOLY, BUT  
I STILL DON'T  
SEE ANYONE!



# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN



IT'S NO USE  
I CAN'T SEE  
THEM!

I DON'T WANT  
TO SEE THEM!



I GUESS THERE'S  
NOTHING TO DO  
BUT GO BACK TO  
SLEEP AND WAIT  
FOR MORNING!

S-SURE,  
WE'VE  
G-GOT  
NOTHING  
TO B-BE  
AFRAID OF!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

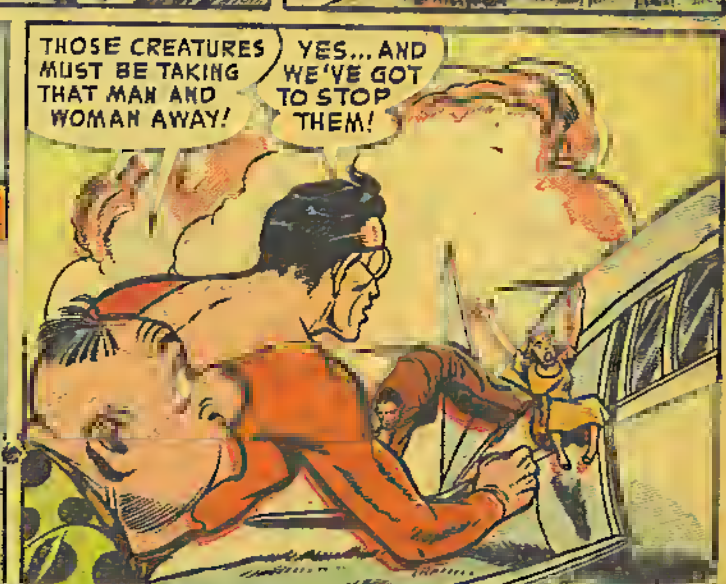
HELP!  
HELP!  
SAVE  
US!

THAT WAS  
A CRY FOR  
HELP!

PUT OUT  
THE LIGHT!  
I'M STILL  
ASLEEP!



COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO  
GET OVER TO WHERE THE  
TROUBLE IS!



THOSE CREATURES  
MUST BE TAKING  
THAT MAN AND  
WOMAN AWAY!

YES... AND  
WE'VE GOT  
TO STOP  
THEM!



BUT HOW CAN WE FIGHT  
THEM WHEN WE CAN'T  
EVEN SEE THEM?  
MAYBE WE OUGHT  
TO CALL THE POLICE  
... THE ARMY...  
THE NAVY...

NO, WOOLLY, WE'RE  
GOING TO SAVE THOSE  
PEOPLE... BUT I'M  
GOING TO HAVE TO  
USE YOU TO DO  
IT!

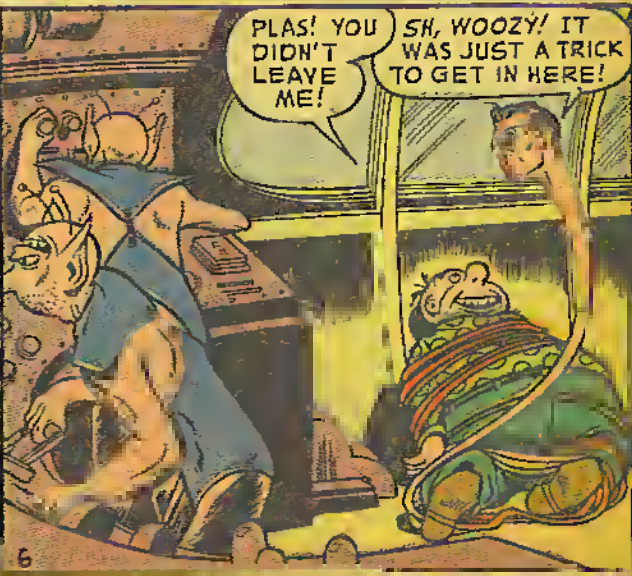
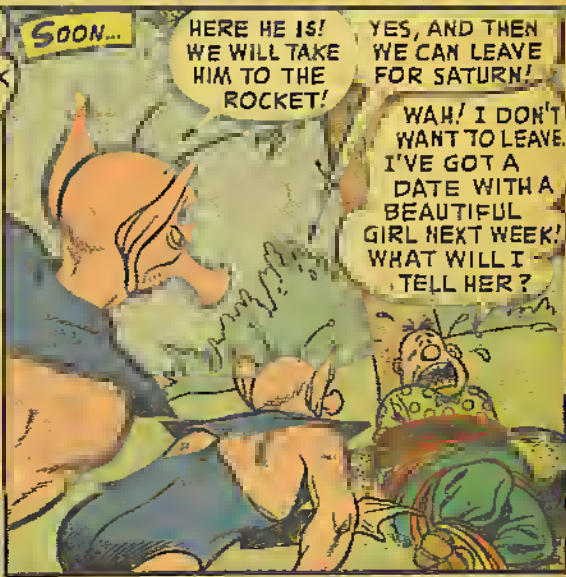
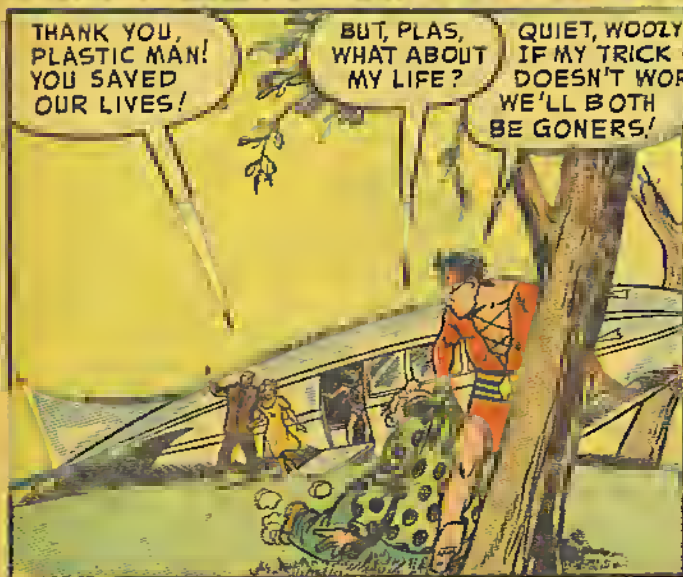


THEY SAID THEY WANTED YOU  
MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE  
SO I'M GOING TO OFFER  
YOU TO THEM!

PLAS! THINK WHAT  
YOU'RE SAYING! TO  
THINK I SOBE  
BETRAYED BY MY  
BEST FRIEND  
SOBE AFTER  
ALL THESE  
YEARS!

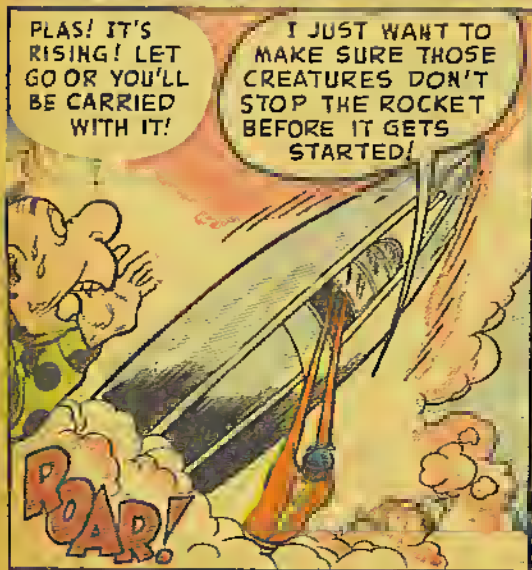


# PLASTIC MAN





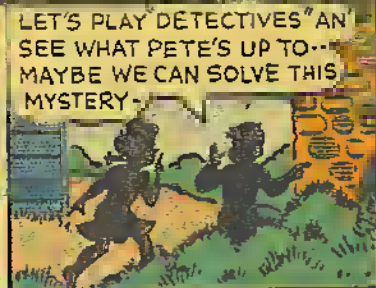
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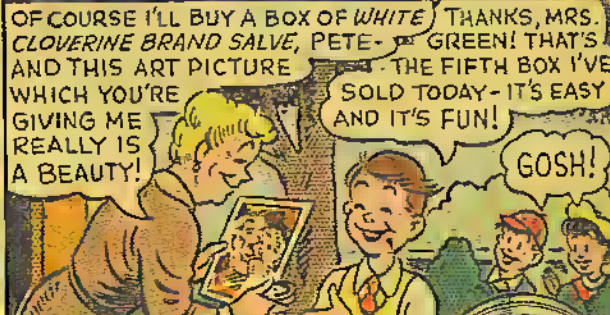
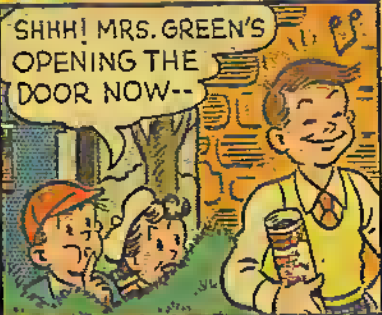


**JIM and BETTY**  
**SOLVE THE "MYSTERY"**  
**OF PETE'S FORTUNE!**

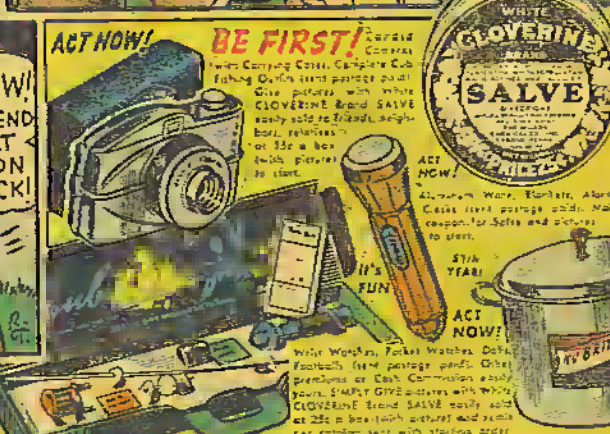
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**LADIES! MEN!**  
**WE GIVE YOU**  
**CASH OR PREMIUMS!**



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OUR 57<sup>TH</sup> YEAR



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OUR 57<sup>TH</sup> YEAR

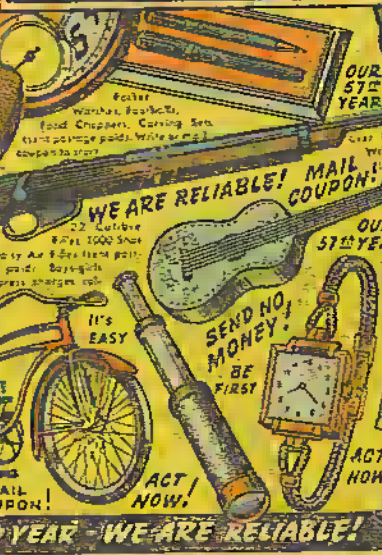
OUR 57<sup>TH</sup> YEAR

OUR 57<sup>TH</sup> YEAR

OUR 57<sup>TH</sup> YEAR

OUR 57<sup>TH</sup> YEAR

OUR 57<sup>TH</sup> YEAR



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**WE TRUST YOU**

**OUR 57<sup>TH</sup> YEAR**

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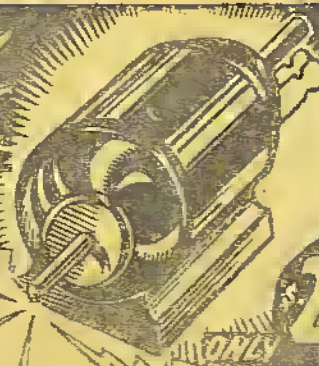
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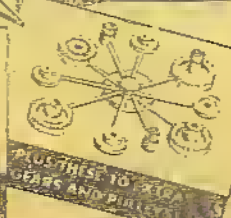
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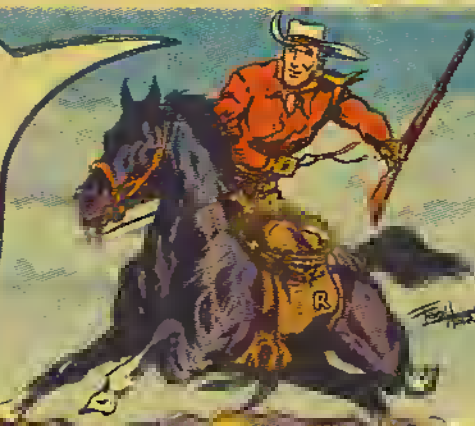
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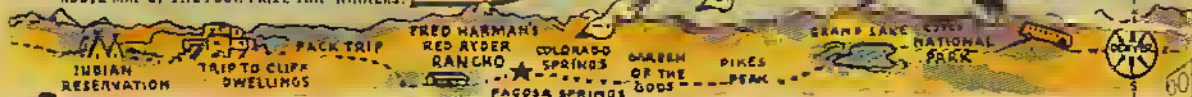




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